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EFFINGHAM THEATRE,

WHITECHAPEL ROAD

PROPRIETOR

....

....

MR. MORRIS ABRAHAMS.

THE

Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime

ENTITLED

HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE,

The Cat and the Fiddle!

OR, THE

CLOCK & THE SPOON

And the Nice Old Cow that Jumped Over the Moon.



The Opening Written, by E. W. SUTER, Esq.,
And Produced under the Superintendence of — Mr. C. J. BIRD
and Mr. FREDERICK ABRAHAMS.

J. PHILLIPS, Printer, Russell Street, Mile End Gate, E

Characters in the Pantomime.

Fairies (good as can be).

Lightasthistledown .. Miss MARIAN JONES
Floatonthebreeze .. Miss LUCAS
Skintheair.. Miss REID Flybynight.. Miss WATSON
Weavethespell.. Miss PAUL Aidthegood.. Miss A. PAUL

Demons (worse can't be).

Wishuswarment .. Mr G. LEWIS
Nabem, Grabem.. Messrs ROBINSON & ROUTLEDGE
Snubem, Rubem .. Messrs JOHNSON & JAMES

Mortals (better might be).

Baron Bitterbad .. Mr GEORGE YATES
Sweetashoney .. Miss A. MORSE
Souraswargus .. Mr MORRIS ABRAHAMS
Napit and Gatit .. Messrs E. EDWARDS and HANNAN
Prince Falkeral .. Mr T. H. HAYNES
Stowit and Blowit .. Messrs ELLIS and WHITE
Master Hey-diddle-diddle .. Miss PETTIFER
Mr Fiddlehead ... Mr JOHN RUSSELL
Master Pussy Handleamouse ... Mr F. ABRAHAMS
Mrs Moo.. Mrs BULL Jemima... Miss FATINTHEFIRE
Lady Queerpins .. Miss JUMPER
Miss Hoopeddooden .. Miss CRINOLINE
Captian Squashem ... Miss AZEN
Ensign Bullseye ... Miss HITTERMARK
Serjeant Armstrong .. Miss STRONGHAND

Gen. Res. 24 June 47 Spences 19 Dec 58 Alington

Christmas Pantomime.

OPENING. 1862.

SCENE 1. CLOUDS.

Wish.—Oh! just look, will you, where you're going, you!
And just mind, will you, where you're shoving to!

Demon—'Tis no use looking—Dark as dark can be!

Wish.—With me that Fairy's having now a spree—
Familiars of your mighty master, say—
Are you at all familiar with this way?
Might fancy in the skies we're whirling round;
But yet we ain't, we're standing on the ground,
Up in the clouds we're making not a fuss,
For all the clouds have now come down to us—
Never so low before—won't be again—
When clouds are low, a certain sign of rain.
As of us no other way can make an end,
The Fairy means to drown us, you depend.
I say and think the observation's wise,
While everything's so dear these clouds should rise:
And 'tis so foggy too—I mean to say,
That thro' the fog it was we miss'd our way.
Go For'ard!

Demon—Don't like the work. Won't do it.

Wish.—Don't refuse to work, or soon you'll rue it.
With mortals 'tis the men work, when they like:
With us, you know, the masters 'tis that strike.
Go on ahead, and better manners larn,
Or else I'll give you such a turn a-starn!

SCENE 2. A VILLAGE.

CHORUS.

Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon:
The little dog laughed to see such fine sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Hey.—Who can that be that's making such a noise?
Go away you naughty, dirty little boys!
But there's no boys, neither dirty nor clean,
Neither there aint no gals, what can it mean?
Boys frighten me, aint afraid tho' of a gal—
I mean to marry two or three—yes, I shall;
But lately, when in sleep I calm my fears,
There's always such a singing in my ears:
It's but a silly dream—I know it's true—
No wonder, for folks say I'm silly too.
I'm not, I'm quiet; but I'm very deep,
And very hungry, so I go to sleep.

AIR.—SLUMBER MY DARLING.

I'm such a darling, had no grub to day,
And so all my hunger I must sleep away!
Of roast joints and puddings I know I shall dream,
Then I'll go to the cook shop and snuff in the steam.
I wish in my slumbers I always could keep
All my eating and drinking is done in my sleep.

AIR.—COME WITH ME TO FAIRY LAND.

Fairy Land's my happy home:
There I boast—rule the roast—
Of't about the earth I roam,
Good to do the most.
This lad, so friendless,
I make him sleep—will not regret,
His grief not endless—
I'll try him first, and then protect.

Fairy Land's, &c., &c.

This poor lad, now sleeping here so friendless,
Soon I'll take from him all cause of regret:
He shall not find his sorrow endless,
First I will try him, and then I'll protect.

Hey.—Oh! lovely vision, just let me touch ye:
Come charming creature, come let me clutch ye!
Not a soul, where has she walked her body?
What funny games, when I am niddy-noddy.
I saw a gal, a beauty, if you please sir—
Surely, I, a gal knows when I see's her,
And I would seize her two, if I only could!
Now, missus, who are you?

Fairy.—You are kind and good!

Hey.—I'm aware on it!

Fairy.—I am old and poor,

Forced to go a cadging from door to door:

Long now on earth I shall not be a stopper!

Hey.—Have a bit of bacca?

Fairy.—Have you got a copper?

DUEP.—PITY KIND GENTLEFOLKSt

FAIRY.—Pity young gentleman, befriend me I pray you do:

Show you've a heart that can feel for the poor.

HEY.—I feel for myself, for I'm poorer than you, I know—

For money, it's no use to knock at my door.

FAIRY.—A tatur, or faggot to me what a treat, sir.

HEY.—The faggots I fancy are best left alone,

To day I did eat up our last bit of meat marm:

But if you like I will give you the bone!

TOGETHER.—I'd gladly befriend you, tell you now true I do,

For I have a heart that can feel for the poor,

I feel for myself, I'm poorer than you, I know,

For money, it's no use to knock at my door.

FAIRY.—Pity, young gentleman, befriend me I pray you do:

Show you've a heart that can feel for the poor;

Relieve me I pray, I'm poorer than you, I know,

Vainly for help must I knock at your door.

Fairy.—Will you give me nothing?

Hey.—It's all I've got,

So it would'nt take you long to eat the lot!

Fairy—No property?

Hey.—I've got a large tom cat,
But very sorry can't let you eat that!
And I've a fiddle—bass, that's very good:
Not to eat though, because it's made of wood.

Fairy—Think of something, my life's at stake, I vow?

Hey.—Then have a steak from off my tough old cow:
It won't be juicy, and it won't be fat,
And won't be tender, but you won't mind that;
She's a good natured dear, alive and pert,
So pray cut tenderly, I musn't have her hurt!

Fairy—Others when I plead, bid me cut away,
And never more return, is what they say;
Not yours to harp upon that cruel strain—
Kindly you bid me cut and come again.

Hey.—My great tom cat, I also give to you:
When all else fails, he'll make an Irish stew!
And last gift of all, take my beautiful fiddle,
And when saying your prayers, think of Heydiddle-diddle!

Fairy—Then I'll be off, and take the lot straightway;
You've done a good day's work young man, to day!

Hey.—Yes, I have for you! quite right, old mother,
But for myself, quite different, more 'tother.
And now I've nothing left, indeed it's true:
Not e'en a pipe of bacca—not a screw!

Sweet.—I know as that young man is sweet on me!

Sour.—What! my affections I have flapped on he;

I've been crossed in love times above a score,
And feel my feelings wont bear it any more.

Hey.—Lovely creatur!

Sour.—You're speaking, sir, to me?

Sweet.—Oh, no, to me!

Sour.—Indeed, we soon shall see!

Young youth, you know the Baron Bitterbad;

Hey.—I does, I loves his daughter like to mad!

Me and my wordly goods I offer now,
Which is a very ancient female cow;
Likewise a he tom cat, also a fiddle,
If you'll but marry Hey-diddle-diddle.

Sour.—Yes, I will—'tis an offer suits me prime,
Besides, that I was married, 'tis quite time.

Sweet.—I think there can be little doubt of that;
But yet you'll have to wait a bit, tha.'s flat!

Hey.—But I declare, oh, la, ! I'd quite forgot
My property! I've give away the lot:
My bass-fiddle's gone—base act to do it;
My poor tom cat—told her she might stew it;
But on my cow the worst misfortune drops,
Alive she'll be cut up for mutton chops.

Sour.—You talk quite heepish: you must be a fool,
Make mutton of a cow—why that's a bull.
But what tho' you re poor, for I am rich,
Will be your wife you require sick.

Hey.—Require a wife yes, bless yo^u, at I do.

Sour — 'Then that's all right, give myself to you.

Hey — But I shant take you, she's a nice gal ;
And if I marry, she's the one I shall !

Sour. — She's a dawdle, fit for wife for no man :
I'm a crummy, rummy, fine young woman !

Hey. — I'm so sleepy.

Sour. — You'll marry me ?

Hey. — I can't.

Sour. — Say that you'll try to love me.

Hey. — No, I shant !

TRIO. AIR — GUIDING STAR.

I should much like to marry you,
So go and ask your pa ;
For, as I've heard the people say,
You never had a ma.
You need not fear my love will stray,
For true to you I'll keep ;
But more at present I can't say —
I want to go to sleep.

SWEET. — My love for you to terminate,
The world shall end as soon.

SOUR. — To night do let us run away,
Because there is no moon.

HEY — Your beauty really I can't see.

SOUR. — How can you make me weep ?

Can't be a sweeter gal than me !

HEY. — I want to go to sleep.

Sour. — Fast asleep ! my purpose shall not falter :

In my arms I'll carry him to the altar ;

And waking up, he'll find to his great dread

That in his sleep he has got married !

Now I will let him in his slumber keep :

When I'm his wife, I'll never let him sleep.

Sweet. — 'Tis me he loves, 'tis very plain to see.

Sour. — It aint so plain as you are, *laughing*, he ! he ! he !

Give up the game, you're sure to lose the trick ;

If human means wont do, I'll call old nick.

Sweet. — I do believe he heard you. Oh, dear ! oh, la !

Sour. — Eh ! well, I'm not a bit afraid,

Demon. — Ha, ha, ha !

Sweet & Sour. — Oh, oh !

Sweet. — Is he coming now, I wonder ?

Sour. — If he is you'll hear a peal of thunder.

SCENE 3. FAIRY LAND.

Fairy. — To see you ladies, a pleasure exquisite,

I thought I'd just pay you a flying visit.

On urgent business I'm obliged to go !

2nd Fairy. — What is it ? we're all curious to know

Fairy. — You've been taught all mortal vice t

Faries, and curious—a mortal shame !

You're so unruly—a pretty life I'm led.

Be good children, or I'll p at you all to b

SCENE 4. LANDSCAPE.

Baron.—Oh, I'm crippled! these new shoes is so tight!

Does m' good to holler—oh! that's all right.

Servant.—I'm sorry for your corn.

Baron.—You great moon calf,

I'll break your head if you your master chaff.

This shoe it tears my corn up by the roots:

Villians, I'll knock you down just like old boots.

You dare be there you lazy pages:

Quick, rise! or I'll soon lower your wages.

I stand your lying down, you cant suppose;

Go straight at him, and hit him on the nose.

Now you be a man, and let him have a crack

Stop! what in my presence one another whack!

I'll give you such a smash you never read of;

I promised you just now I'd knock your head off.

I'm too easy, and too good for a master,

Oh, my corn! my kingdom for a plaister!

Sour.—You're the chap as I've been looking arter:

Father, tell me, don't you love your darter?

Baron.—Which of 'em? for you knows as I've got two.

Sour.—Why, me of course, what so resembles you.

Baron.—Oh, you beauty!

Sour.—I'm the image of my pa.

Baron.—Who do you call a image?

Sour.—Why, so you are.

I want to be married!

Baron.—That I've long suffered;

And that reminds me a young chap has proposed.

SOUR.—For me? aint I glad!

BARON.—Got lots of money.

SOUR.—I'll have him.

BARON.—'Taint you, 'tis Sweet-as-honey!

SOUR.—What a shame, there isn't none don't get a pal
'cept me; and yet I'm such a pretty gal.

BARON. They don't seem inclined to catch a tarter:

Young chaps now-a days mind what they're arter.

SOUR.—I've feelled in love—to a sweet youth's arms shall pass!

BARON.—Oh, just stop a minute, how's he off for brass?

SOUR.—A modest youth, formed female hearts to win.

BARON.—That's not what I mean. Hou's he off for tin?

SOUR.—A charming youth, but he has'nt got a mag;

And so I mean to cellar all your swag!

BARON.—Such chaps from the village I'll be hooting,

And I'll kill—law, how my corn's a shooting!

SOUR.—Consider that I am young and beautiful,

There never was a girl more dutiful:

You are my father, and you such awe strike,

That I shall always do just as I like.

I implore you, give consent, and all your pelf

Dear father!

BARON.—Shan't!

SOUR.—Then go and hang yourself!

SONG. AIR.—DIXEY'S LAND.

As he's found the way my fond heart to win,
You must let him marry me, and take all her tin,—

Don't be, don't be, &c.,

He really is my fancy!

He is, he is;
 Don't make me cry, don't make me die
 I want to be his nancy.
 If I'm not married soon, I plainly see
 I must stay at home and an old maid be,
 On your hand, on your hand, &c.,
 Do let me have my fancy!
 Oh, do! oh, do!
 Go to that chap, say to to him slap—
 My gal must be your nancy.
 Have that sweet youth I mean to, will, and can,
 If I don't, I know where to find a young man,—
 In the Strand, in the Strand, &c.,
 There's many there to fancy!
 Oh, yes! oh, yes!
 Such smart young chaps, in shiny hats,
 That's longing for a nancy.
 Disappoint me, and I'll make you haller,
 If I'm crossed in love now, worse will foller
 In the Strand, in the Strand, &c.,
 There's many me would fancy,
 They would, they would;
 If I am wed, until I'm dead
 I'll be a faithful nancy.
 Mind what I've said! if I'm not wed,
 I'll go and be a nancy.

SCENE 5. A COTTAGE.

AIR.—LIFE LET US CHERISH.

I play pretty fairish, see how my bow does go;
 I must go to the parish,—what to do I don't know!
 Hard-up and poor, from door to door;
 Bass, cat and I to live must try,—
 Go round the town to get a brown;
 We're all very hungry to day!
 I play pretty fairish, &c., &c.

HEY.—Poor tom, is not much food for you—
 You'd rather see a cat's meat barrow!

CAT.—Mew.

HEY.—You're not short of short grass, and eat you do
 All day long, and yet you're thin and scraggy.

COW.—Moo.

HEY.—Why 'aint you a flute? hungry you'd ne'er go out,
 For I would always give you then a blow out.
 Fate has played us all a very shabby trick—
 You're given away, myself I'll sell to old nick.

DEMON.—Well, then here I am, to buy you!

HEY.—How now?

DEMON.—You just now said you were to sell.

CAT.—Mol-row.

HEY.—I didn't! go away,—'twas a joke, and surely—
 Go away: you make my fiddle poorly;
 My cat's afeeling queer; go, now, pray do.
 Sick as a horse you've made my cow!

COW.—Moo.

DEMON.—If you'll be sold, why, I will buy: so come, --

EY.—You are sold already; go at him Tom.

We can match the devil, we've done it now;

You're a good pussy, Tom.

CAT.—Mol-row, wow, wow.

HEY.—Poor fiddle's frightened still, blest if he aint:

Oh, dear! I do believe he's going to faint;

And if he does, whatever shall I do?

I hav'nt got no rosin to bring him to;

But, I'll go off my self,—see what luck has dropped,

What's the time? why, granny's 8-day clock has stopped

No oil to feed the works: the're starved, I vow;

Well, I declare It is agoing now.

Whoever saw such a pretty clock face, pray?

That's the face to look at—that's the time o'day!

You are the angel in my sleep I saw;

And you're my granny's 8-day clock,—oh, law!

FAIRY.—Thro' me, you'll find out what's o'clock, that's true,

And you'll find I am a good watch over you.

HEY.—You are young and pretty, with a winning way.

FAIRY.—I am that old woman you saw to day.

HEY.—Ah, then I've been tricked: I see it plainly now;

You'd better cut, or she'll cut you, old cow.

FAIRY.—Oh, no! to try you, was my object chief:

I never had a relish for cow beef;

HEY.—Then, give me all you can: the more the better.

FAIRY.—Speak first for your cat and fiddle.

HEY.—Me?

FAIRY.—You!

HEY.—I wish they could speak for themselves, I do.

BASS.—If some rosin now I could diskiver.

CAT.—If I could but find a bit of liver.

HEY.—Why, speak they do: I never.

BASS.—Here's a treat.

CAT.—May I ask you for a ha'porth of meat?

FAIRY.—You, I know, are sweet on sweet-as-honey!

HEY.—Yes, I loves her, and I wants her money.

FAIRY.—Ask her hand.

CAT.—Ask her for some meat for me.

HEY.—Why, by the Baron I should murdered be!

What do you take me for? do you suppose—

I'll go a-courting in these shabby clothes?

FAIRY.—If that is all, in a new suit you'll be seen,

sooner than if made by a sewing machine.

HEY.—Fit in a carriage now to to take my seat;

Look at me Tom!

CAT.—I want a bit o'meat.

FAIRY.—Now, to win the girl, you need'nt go to school,

For, thanks to me, you're now not quite a fool.

HEY.—To me the Baron I'll make give her now,

Else I'll kick up a jolly—

CAT.—Mol-row.

AIR.

Soon I'll win my bride, now then for mirth and la

Fol de rol, fol de rol, fol de rol, de lay!

Soon we shall be married,—live happy ever after,

Fol de rol, &c.

FAIRY.—I'll help you to ruin now, charming Sweet-as-honey,

I will be your friend now, you may depend on that!

HEY.—Want a wife to keep me, 'cause I've got no money;

Want a wife to feed me, my fiddle, and my cat.

CAT.—Mow, mew, mow, mow, mow, mew, mow, mow.

OMNES.—Pol de rol, &c.

SCENE 6. LANDSCAPE.

PRINCE... Thus far we've marched without impediment,
And here I thought the Baron ready meant
To be—to meet me: but I find he aint;
And I'm so tired that I'm fit to faint,—
For I am suffering with the whooping cough,
I must have my medicine to take it off.
Give me a spoonful of that currant jam—
A very little spoonful!

ATTEN... Here it am.

PRINCE... Feed me! make haste—my cough it worser grows.
Here's a pretty mess! where's my future pa?

ATTEN... Here he are.

BARON... Are you my son-in-law as is to be?

PRINCE... Are you my future pa?

BARON... Yes, I is he!

Come to my arms, all ceremony scorn;
Oh! monstrous villain you've trod upon my corn!
It's wearing me as thin as half starved weasles;
Why, sure as I'm alive, you've got the measles.

PRINCE... It's the whooping cough: for it I take jam.

BARON... What's the use of that stuff? it isn't worth a ———.

PRINCE... Now, shall we talk of business?

BARON... Yes we shall!

With pleasure, I shall let you wed my gal,
With her give you—

PRINCE... How much?

BARON... If you're not pressing

I'll give you on the day you wed—my blessing.

PRINCE... Humph! I expected something more than that!

BARON... Well, I shant give you more, that's flat!

And mind, that, whether boys or girls they be,
Your children must be christened arter me;
Must be kept clean, must be edicated,
Must be *wurtshuss* to, vaccinated.

PRINCE... Your moral lesson I have got quite pat!

BARON... And you mus'nt let 'em make a noise like that;

And don't you do it now, for goodness sake,
For every time you make my stomach ache.

PRINCE... No children but sometimes need a chiding.

BARON... Send them to me when they want a hiding.

PRINCE... I know you'll love them from the time they're born!

BARON... I'll murder 'em if they tread upon my corn;

I've said my daughter you shall marry she—
And you, you rascals, you shall carry me!
My head well up—and keep my body low,
And death to you, if you but touch my toe!

Sc. 7.—Illuminated Gardens.

SOUR... You've heard the news?

SWEET... Prince Tal-de-ral has come?

SOUR... You'll be his wife—he'll be my brother;

Soon as your booked, I'll be arter t'other;
For love like mine, you may believe it sure,
A marriage is the only perfect cure.

AIR.—PERFECT CURE,

SOUR... It's quite enough to drive me wild,

Myself to single see,
 For ever since I was a child,
 I've longed to married be!
 A chap one dark night followed me,
 I thought I'd got him sure,
 But when 'twas light, he saw my face,
 Says he, you are a cure!
 Each time that I am crossed in love
 A bucket of tears I cry:
 Not long ago a slighted dove,
 I thought that I should die.
 Love kills us gals against our wills,
 'Taint pleasant you are sure;
 I've swallowed a ton of Holloway's pills,
 And I hav'nt found a cure

BARON... There's my two gals, as you see them.

PRINCE.... They are a sight to see!

BARON.. The ugliest like her mother are,
 The prettiest like to me.

SOUR... 'Taint me that's like my mother here:
 Of that I am quite sure!

BARON.. One on 'em she is a pretty dear,
 The other's a perfect cure.

BARON... There! 'two finer gals a painter couldn't paint!

PRINCE... But which is Sweet-as-honey, and which aint?

SOUR... I aint!

BARON.. Neither on 'em to be sneezed at poz.

SOUR.... I'm Sour-as-wargus!

PRINCE... You look as if you was.

Marriage a queer game is, but do not droop.

SOUR.... Don't go on like that, 'taint a game of whoop?

PRINCE.... This then's the gal that I have got to wed?

SWEET... I'll sooner kill myself till I am dead.

BARON... My fond hopes my dearest darling do not wreck,
 Refuse him and I'll break your precious neck—

Your name from out my will it shall be torn:

When you cry for bread, I'll give you—Oh, my corn!

Nothing, and perhaps I'll give you something wuss.

Yes, your doating parents' bitter cuss:

Down then on your knees, my pardon crave it

Or else

SOUR.... Bravo, daddy! let her have it!

TRIO. AIR.—PETER GRAY.

I'm so very full of sorrow,

I'm afraid to go to bed,

Fear I'd wake up in the morning,

And find that I am dead,

Come here, do dear;

Oh hear what I've to say!

Grub, grub, want some grub!

Ri-tu-ral, tu-ral-ray,

Some meat upon the table spread,

Don't care if it is all fat;

Hey-diddle-diddle's hungry,

So's his fiddle and his cat.

I'm very hungry, am indeed—

No money, tell you so—

If a trifle you can lend me
Then you, you know, I owe.

SWEET. 'Tis he!

HEY.... 'Tis she!

SOUR.... It's my village lad;
If he wont marry me I shall go mad.

PRINCE.... Why, there's a fiddle walking on his feet.

HEY. Tom, Tom!

CAT.. I'm looking for a bit of meat,
If you but knew my inwards how they fights—
Wish I'd some liver—'stead of all these lights.

SOUR... Your pussy, she's a pretty creature, come?

CAT... Who do you call a she, marm? I'm a tom!

SOUR.... Come, sing your song, pussy,—feel no alarm—

CAT... I can't sihg on an empty stomach, marm.

BARON... My noble Prince, sit down and take your seat!

CAT.. Feel in your pocket for a bit of meat.

SOUR... Oh now he's scratched me, what was that for pray?

CAT. Cos you're a rubbing my coat the wrong way.

BARON.. What awful groan was that?

SOUR... What's to faller?

PRINCE.... What a dreadful noise!

BASS.. My ihside's holler!

HEY... What's the matter? where are you running Tom?

CAT.. There's a nasty bow-wow, don't let him come!

SOUR... Only my poor pug—I pet and I fat him.

CAT.. He's a werry little 'un here goes at him!

BARON. It's a toss-up whose nose to smash, I chooses!

CAT. I'm a head!

SOUR.. I'm a tail!

HEY... And the dog looses!

BARON... What have we got for supper? tell these chaps.

SOUR... Twopennorth of the werry finest sprats!

P~~R~~INCE... You'll give us some champagne?

SOUR... So uncommon dear,

So we'll have a pot o nice mild table beer.

Now supper: first course first, of course, for that's

The rule, and so, of course bring in the sprats!

HEY... Why a spoon?

SOUR... We are genteel people, that's cause---

Must use our fingers!

CAT.... Mayn't I lick my paws?

SWEET... Oh! see, one of the very largest rats.

HEY... Kill him, Tom, or he'll eat up all the sprats!

CAT.. If a little mouse, I'd crush and crankle him;

But a great big rat ---don't like to tackle him.

BARON.. Cat, you're a cur, to let him touch the dish.

SOUR.. We're pickled if you don't preserve our fish.

CAT.. Woman's soft appeal ne'er in vain I heard;

And so that rat I'll slaughter like a bird.

BASS... Stop his music, tom.

CAT... Now, I've dead beat him;

Keep him for me till I want to eat him!

HEY... There's very few of these among so many.

BARON... Do you grumble? I wish there wasn't any!

The devil's got the sprats. both great and small:

And now I wish he'd take dish and all

SWEET... Murder!

BASS... Fire!

SOUR.. Police! Police!

PRINCE... Help ! stop 'em !

SOUR... 'Taint no sort o' use —the devil's got 'em.

SWEET... If I stay here, I know I shall swoon.

BARON... I wish I was in another room.

SC. 8. FRONT CHAMBER.

SWEET... All this is strange—I feel a dizziness !

BARON... Now supper's over, let's go to business.

HEY... Supper over, now that's what I call fun ;

Because 'twas over before it had begun :

But I've come here in hopes to wed your gal.

SOUR.... I'm glad to hear you say so,—so you shall.

HEY... Shall I ? to my arms then, Sweet-as-honey !

Your the girl for my —I mean, your money !

SWEET .. To me you're welcome, and all my posh.

HEY... Let's go then and be married.

SOUR... That wont wash !

BARON.. You to wed that gal 'twould be too great a

How do you get your bread ?

H-Y.... At the chandler's shop.

BARON What's your estate

HEY... A cat and a fiddle !

BARON.. And what is your name ?

HEY.... Hey-diddle-diddle !

Ah ! I'd near forgot —left by my mother--

I've got a cow.

BARON... You may marry t'other.

HEY... Marry t'other cow ? what a green old buffer.

SOUR... He means that you are to marry me, you duffer.

BARON.. As to wedding her so you shall, as soon

As your lean old cow jumps over the moon.

AIR.—YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

BARON... You thought to do me, didn't you ?

But 'tis not so easy done.

SWEET... Do try to make your old cow jump

And then away we'll run.

PRINCE.... You are a smart young chap no doubt,

HEY.... That's very plain to see,

I'm a young man from the country.

SOUR... But you can't get over me.

HEY... I'm a young man from the country !

OMNES.. But you can't get over me.

HEY... Consider, I'm so very poor !

PRINCE.... That makes the greatest crime.

But lots of cash I've got, you know.

BARON.. And so you suits me prime.

SWEET.... Alas, alas ! we'll never wed.

HEY.... That's sadly plain to see,

I'm a young man from the country.

SOUR.. You shan't get over me !

HEY... I'm a young man from the country !

OMNES.. You shan't get over me.

HEY... What a condition 'tis my love to win,

And what a condition he's put me in.

AIR.—UNCLE TOM.

What trick? pity me I pray;
 Thought I'd got my gal all right;
 They've took her right away,
 Dash it! blow me tight!
 I've been plucky until now,
 Which I hope will be allowed,
 But now, this trick about my cow—
 It makes me feel quite cowed.
 What trick? oh, law!
 With such a trick to cram;
 Show my cow how to do it,
 Gladly I'll stand Sam.
 'Course, I know it's all through
 Father, spiteful Tabby;
 But for her, should have a wife,
 And 'praps a little babby.
 How my gal will fret and cry—
 Won't live long, if don't have me;
 And very soon to I shall die,
 If I can't marry she.
 What trick! oh, law! &c.

HEY... The moon's too far to jump, by many miles.

CAT... I tried it once when out upon the tiles.

BASS... It can't be jumped!

HEY... Could swallow it as soon.

CAT... But I've seen people tho' could shoot the moon.

HEY... I wish that now it could be done, I knew it,

Or wish some friend would show me how to do it!

FAIRY... I am that friend!

HEY... My treasure then I've won.

FAIRY... All is prepared, you may conclude it done.

HEY... I shall be done if it isn't!

FAIRY... Yes, I know.

CAT Have you brought me any meat marm? mol-row!

FAIRY... Just now we've other fish to fry, you see.

CAT... Well, when you've fried 'em, bring 'em here to me.

AIR.—PRAIRIE FLOWER.

FAIRY... See gentle Fairy, I have left my bower,

Here have come to aid you with my power.

HEY... You are good to aid a poor unhappy youth:

I am glad to see you, that's the truth.

FAIRY... Soon jump over the moon, I will make your cow.

HEY... S'pose you couldn't do it? I don't know how!

FAIRY... 'Twill be but a sham, but they won't find it out.

HEY... Sham's there are plenty now about.

CHORUS.

SC. 9. SHADOW.

BARON... Well what's your game, what are you up to now?

HEY... Wait and see, there's the moon, and there's the cow

SOUR... What can all this mean?

PRINCE... Nothing but a lark!

BASS... I see a little dog.

CAT... I can see him bark.

HEY... Walk up, walk up! just about to begin now

Only twoper more, then up goes the cow.

PRINCE. There's the dog a-laughing at the pat trick !

CAT. Well now, that's enough to make a cat sick.

BARON. I've paid, and I expect to see the show.

HEY... Oop-la ! oop-la ! hie over it good cow :

Quick and astonish all these simple flats,

And put the stuns on all the acrobats.

BASS. All over, all over ! now we'll strike it.

CAT. As you go out, tell 'em how you like it.

SC. 10. FRONT CHAMBER.

HEY... Now let us be married, for we can't wait.

BARON. You must, and shall, for I repudiate :

I never made no promise.

HEY... I declare !

BARON... Now, did I promise ?

PRINCE. No !

HEY.... A'int you a pair !

You said if my cow jumped —

SWEET... Ah there's the pull !

HEY... And my cow did.

BARON.. All a cock and a bull

I never promised, upon my honor, poz.

He knows I wouldn't tell a lie.

PRINCE.. Yes, I was. [flat.---

BARON. Didn't give no word, and shant keep it, that's

Didn't think you'd got a cow could jump like that !

HEY... I'll shout your infamy with all my lungs,

This gal I'll marry !

SOUR... I forbid the bungs !

BARON.. The bungs ?

PRINCE... Banns, she means.

BARON. She looks very queer !

HEY... She's made too free p'raps with your table beer.

BARON.. Her eyes roll !

SWEET... Her head and dress.

PRINCE.. Never saw.

BARON.. What does this mean girl ?

HEY... She's been in the straw.

SOUR.. To morrow it will be my wedding day,

Because it is the first of April, eh ?

Where is my love, my pretty little dear,

Who was it just now mentioned table beer

HEY... We'd best sing small.

SOUR... Never touched you swankey !

BARON... Oh ! my heart will break : my darter's crankey

SOUR... Catch those sprats, warm 'em for the marriage feast,

With nice light bread, without a drop of yeast ;

And when we all those luxuries have got,

We won't ask father—he eats such a lot.

BARON... 'Tis clear she's mad, to talk in such a strain !

HEY... I think she's talking sensible and plain.

SOUR... Soon as we've had dinner, come the dancers :

First country jigs, then, of course, the lancers !

Ri-tol-de-rol, cross hands, and down the middle.

Now I got a husband !—Hey-diddle-diddle !

Crossed in love so werry often,

It's a wonder I'm not dead

'Cause my heart's a very soft un
 Love has driv' me off my head.
 Dearest youth, now, can't le harm ye,
 Then get better soon I shall;
 Say you'll have me, or I'll warm ye,
 I'm a poor young cranky girl.

AIR. THREE FLIES.

Oh, do look there! there's a butterfly,
 And a large blue-bottle with a great green eye;
 A bunch of turnips, and a little mouse,
 And a great black-beetle as big as a house.
 Ri-tol, &c.

AIR. LUCY LONG.

I'm such a purty creetur,
 And he would have me, but---
 He says he's found a sweeter,
 And I've gone off my nut.
 In such a charming figger,
 And soon get manners shall;
 I'd sooner have a nigger
 Than be a single gal.

I'm such a purty creetur, &c.

AIR. CRAZY JANE.

Say you'll have me or I'll warm ye;
 I'm a poor young cranky gal.

AIR. SHEEPSKINS.

Nobody will marry me---
 My case it is a hard'un;
 For to lead a single life
 Would'nt give a farden.
 And he now thst marries me
 Will find a great disaster:
 I'll stick a plaister on his nose,
 And let him know I'm master.

AIR. CRAZY JANE.

Say you'll have me or I'll warm yer;
 I'm a poor young cranky gal.

AIR. EARLY IN THE MORNING.

For a husband I can't wait,
 You see I'm in a pretty state;
 Was a fine gal, now a lamp-post---
 Expect a visit from my ghost:
 In the middle of the morning,
 In the middle of the morn'ing,
 In the midple of the morning,
 To break your nasty nose.

AIR. CRAZY JANE.

Say you'll have me or I'll warm ye;
 I'm a poor young cranky gal.

AIR. COUNTRY JIG.

And when that I am married, oh, how happy I shall be,
 And all the folks that's round about 'll come and stare at me;
 And we'll have a wedding dinner that will suit both great and small,
 But not a soul shall have a bit: for I will eat it all.
 We'll have a pie, and nob's of chairs, and pudding made of rice,
 Pump-handles too, a lot of them, because they are so nice;
 We'll have flat-irons, apples, pears, 'sides some parsnips too---
 And then the lot to mutton broth we'll very quickly stew.

And when that I am married, &c.

DARON...My darling child, it makes me wish me dead
 Put on a stra'ght waistcoat, and shave her head.

HEY... Tom, what's that at your foot you're weighing?

BASS... Just hear what a prètty tune he's playing.

CAT... Some meat from a cupboard—went to win it,

And see how I've put my foot in it;

Thro' this wound, the bucket I shall kick it—

Se starved, I havn't got the strength to lick it.

BARON... To cure her: devil take me if I know!

DEMON... May I take you, if now, the way I show?

BARON... No! I'll let you take some of my mammon!

SOUR... I am all right! bless, 'twas all gammon.

DEMON... You'll not get, without my aid, the man you want.

FAIRY... And tho' you should do your best and worst, she shant!

You will not glad, my presence here to see.

DEMON... I give it up, for you're too much for me.

HEY... Soon now our happiness will be complete.

CAT... Mine never wsl without a bit o' meat.

FAIRY... Baron, you're a rascal, and you know it!

SOUR... Well, don't tell everybody—stow it,

FAIRY... You, to catch this youth have been too busy;

Now I'll take him from you!

SOUR... Oh! you hussey!

FAIRY. You, to be safe, must travel for a while?

HEY... Parliamentary train: penny a mile.

FAIRY... To show that I'm in earnest, I'll begin,

By changing you at once to HARLEQUIN!

SWEET... But, in that shape, no longer he is mine.

FAIRY... Yo 1, Sweet-as-honey be his COLUMBINE!

BARON... Then you, old nick, oh! my poor corn: stop 'em soon.

DEMON. Go you, and help to do it, as PANTALOON!

PRINCE... What's to become of me? curse this cough.

DEMON... To whoop and hallow I'll now set you;

I'll change you from a doody Prince from head to crown,

And make you lightly, sprightly, mumbling, tumbling CLOWN!

FAIRY... The rest of you no longer wanted here,

Remmber, X-mas comes but once a year.

HERE THE FUN BEGINS!

Harlequin — — Mr. ARTHUR ROSINE

Columbine — Mademoiselle ADELLE

Clown — — Mr. W. MATTHEWS

Pantaloon — Mr. FINDLAY

A Beau Ideal — Mr. GEORGE LEWIS

Sprites — The Bros. DUPONT

